

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Woodstock, Vermont.
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WOODSTOCK NEWS

An Open Letter to Colonel Billings.

Bethel, Vermont,
May 27, 1912.
Franklin S. Billings,
Woodstock, Vermont.

Sir:
1. Is it true that you are a supporter of Allen M. Fletcher as a candidate for governor?
2. Is it true that as such supporter, since the formation at Cheshire of the Windsor County Progressive Republican League; the election of Biram W. Johnson of Woodstock, as president of that league; and the endorsement by that league of Joseph A. DeBoer as the Progressive Republican candidate for governor, you have brought pressure to bear upon Mr. Johnson to resign the presidency of the league?
3. Is it true that you have used means calculated to suppress information that a rally of the Windsor County Progressive Republican League was to be held in the Opera House in Woodstock on Saturday evening, May 25th, and that the Hon. Joseph A. DeBoer would be present and speak?
4. Is it true that you have recently incited or advised a man financially interested in the Daniels Machine company to intimate to Biram W. Johnson that unless he ceased his activities in Progressive Republican politics it would be demanded of the Daniels Machine company that it pay on or before a given date the full amount due the man in question?
I regard the above questions as fairly put to you by reason of information I have obtained which I regard as reliable concerning your conduct in reference to Mr. Johnson's connection with the Progressive movement.

I regard this as a matter in which every voter in Vermont has a vital interest and about which it is necessary that the public be fully informed, in order:
1. That no injustice be done to you or to Mr. Johnson by reason of the circulation of statements that may not be wholly true, and
2. That if these statements are true the fact may be established in order that there may be an end put to such vicious practices that have heretofore and now do thwart the will of the people of Vermont.
I enclose herewith a self-addressed, stamped envelope together with letter paper and request your early reply.

Faithfully yours,
WALLACE BATCHELDER.

Mr. DeBoer in Woodstock.

The music of the Montpelier Military Band, as it came marching up the street from the station at about 8 o'clock, was to many people of the village the first intimation that a rally for DeBoer, Republican candidate for governor, was to be held at Music hall that evening. Mr. DeBoer, Wallace Batchelder of Bethel, several Montpelier men and others from down the line also stepped off the special from White River Junction. It appears that out of town-folks knew about the rally, and thereby hangs a tale, or mystery, or whatever you might call it. The band played on, up to the hall. Fine music, yes, but very few knew just what it was all about, and on the arrival of the speakers and their party, who were here on invitation of the Windsor County Progressive Republican League, there was no audience to greet them save a few who had got wind of the doings and likewise a few stragglers attracted by Montpelier's celebrated musicians. The band played again, and the meeting opened with a good many vacant chairs, to be sure, but it ended with much enthusiasm, also some growling over the failure of the local end of the league to advertise this invasion of Candidate Fletcher's home county.

Mr. Batchelder presided and spoke of the organization of the league and its objects, including reform in state elections, and reform of other abuses existing in the state; the time had come for the people to rule Vermont. The Windsor County League is not a Roosevelt league or a Taft league, said Mr. Batchelder, and the state organization does not endorse any man.

Then Mr. Batchelder got after Candidate Fletcher, attacking him as a tax dodger, for which charge he said the league had good documentary evidence. After reading a brief biographical sketch of Mr. DeBoer the latter was introduced as "the next governor of Vermont."

Mr. DeBoer spoke of his interest in two things—education and good government. An organization and leaders were a necessary part of government, but when leadership turned into bossism it was time for a change.

Mr. DeBoer advocated state aid for rural schools, reform in the tax laws—which were "perjury producing" laws, he said, and he discussed the primary law.

He condemned the methods which he said had disgraced recent Vermont elections, and he hoped that the conditions that had existed for the past seven years would not exist much longer.

Mr. DeBoer was frequently applauded during his talk and there was a hearty demonstration at its close.

Mr. Batchelder referred again to the mistake which had kept so many away from the hall, and said it would not occur again. He counted 218 people in the house.

On the stage with the speakers was Franklin Barney of Springfield, vice-president of the league.

The band played another piece or two for the lingering audience, and the rally was over, but on the streets it was warmly discussed until a late hour, and DeBoer buttons were much worn by those taking part in sidewalk conversations.

TO STATE DEMOCRATS.

Washington County Progressives Make an Appeal.

The Washington county Progressive democracy has made the following appeal to the democrats of Vermont:—

"Has our party in this state during the past 30 or more years of its existence, increased in numbers and influence as the party has done in every other state of the union?"

"A casual review of the organization's history will suggest the answer most emphatically 'no'."

"During the past 20 years a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction among the rank and file of the republican party has grown apace, and how much has our party benefited thereby? A striking example of our utter inability to attract the independent and dissatisfied republican voters was shown in the returns of the state election in 1910 when, with a strong ticket as was ever named by either party in the state's history and in the face of pronounced defection in the ranks of the dominant party, we polled approximately 4000 fewer votes than were cast for the democratic ticket 30 years before and the returns also showed that more than 10,000 republican voters remained away from the polls."

"And why? We are firmly convinced that the condition of our party and its failure to advance as the democracy has advanced in every other state in the country is due, in the main to its past and present leaders and their methods."

"It must be apparent to every observing man of the party who is guided by purely patriotic and unselfish impulses that the men who have controlled our organization in the past and their successors of the present day, with rare exceptions, care little for the party weal and are more interested in improving opportunities, to promote selfish interests than they are in developing an organization that will be a power in contributing to the best good of our commonwealth and country."

"At the present moment people who are adept at self advertising and posing in the lime light of political opportunity and whose credentials were obtained by methods that deserve the condemnation of all decent men, are seeking your endorsement on the ground that they will be able to secure and distribute a larger amount of federal patronage than the state's accredited portion in the event of our party's success in November, thus at once placing a slanderous estimate upon your intelligence and patriotism and revealing their utter lack of genuine love of party principles and their complete absorption in the mere question of spoils."

"The loyal followers of Thomas Jefferson in the Green Mountain state, who have persistently stuck to the party faith year in and year out deserve better than they have received from the men who are responsible for the party management."

"What remedy therefore should be applied to this state of affairs? We are convinced that a thorough reorganization is the party's only hope. Surely there is little to lose and perhaps much to gain by placing new leaders in charge."

"In every section of Vermont may be found clean, able and upright democrats who enjoy the respect and confidence of their neighbors; men of marked ability and sterling character who are not seekers after federal patronage; men who would handle the financial affairs of the party in a business-like manner by publishing an accounting of all money entrusted to their hands, telling you how much they had received, the source from whence it came and what it was expended for. Such are the men you must elevate to the position of trust and responsibility if you desire to see your party live and increase in membership and influence."

"For many years the Vermont democracy has been in a class by itself as in every other state in the union the democratic party has either achieved victories or maintained a consistent growth. We believe it is possible to duplicate the record of our fellow democrats of Maine in the near future if the proper course is pursued and to this end we appeal to the rank and file to be up and doing."

"See to it that no man shall be elected a delegate to the coming state and district conventions who is not determined to place new leaders on guard."

"In this year so full of promise of the supremacy of genuine democratic principles, let us demonstrate to our fellow democrats of the country that the Vermont democracy is alive to the progressive tendencies of the time and determined to build up an organization that will attract the thinking men of all parties to our standard."

Inform Vermont Veterans.

The Age has received the following from Senator Carroll S. Page: To the Editor of The Age:

A law has been enacted providing for increased pensions. Below is a table showing the amount to which each veteran is entitled under the new law:

Age.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year
62 years	\$13.00	\$13.50	\$14.00
66 years	15.00	15.50	16.00
70 years	18.00	19.00	20.00
75 years	21.00	22.00	24.00

One of the provisions of the measure is that all soldiers wounded in battle or disabled by disease contracted in line of duty, and incapacitated for manual labor as the result thereof, is entitled to \$30.00 per month regardless of age or length of service.

A pensioner is entitled to his increase from the date of filing his application therefor.

I should be very glad to furnish to any pensioner, on request, a copy of the act and a blank form of application; and if he wishes to send his application direct to me, I shall take pleasure in seeing that it is promptly placed on file at the bureau of pensions.

Very truly yours
Carroll S. Page.

Car Ahead

By Harmony Weller

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George Verner entered a crowded surface car and found the last unoccupied seat. It chanced to be directly behind a very young woman and an infant.

Verner attempted to become interested in his paper, but the profile of the girl ahead of him stole his glances with every turn of her head. She was very young, very new to motherhood apparently; the man behind knew this because of the frantic, strained effort she made to keep the child in one position that it might not awake. A more experienced mother would have known that the baby would rest more comfortably in the easy relaxation of her arms. Verner remembered the fearful, breathless clutch with which he had first held his sister's baby, but gradually that feeling of holding a breakable toy had left him.

There was that same fear in the eyes of the young girl ahead of him, and Verner knew that she was living in momentary dread of the child falling to pieces in her arms.

He was beginning to sense the strain of her tense attitude when the car came to a stop.

"Car ahead!" yelled the conductor. The passengers, in various stages of peevishness, gathered themselves and their belongings and prepared to follow the conductor's bidding.

Not so with the woman and the baby. She cast one startled glance at the outgoing passengers, and then her eyes met Verner's. There was positive tragedy in their depths. Then it was that Verner saw the big suit case on the floor beside her.

"How did she manage to get on the car if she couldn't get off with a suit case and a baby?" Verner asked himself while he raised his cap and addressed her.

"If you will permit me—I will carry."

"Oh—if you would be so kind," she gasped in a frightened little voice, and before Verner realized it she had



If You Will Permit Me, I Will Carry—put the baby in his arms and was about to pick up the suit case. "I am more used to this," she said with a half blush.

"I can easily take both," Verner told her as he swung the tiny infant against one big shoulder and took the suit case from her.

"Her eyes are decidedly coquettish for a young mother," was his inward comment as he helped her into the car ahead. He found it within his consciousness to condemn married flirt, even though they had shaded gray eyes and one elusive dimple.

When he had put her comfortably into another seat in the car ahead she made room for him beside her and sent up a smile into Verner's eyes.

Although he felt himself to be treading on dangerous ground, he accepted the offered seat. His destination was a few blocks beyond and he felt that his heart could not be hopelessly damaged in so short a time. He sighed as he wondered who the man might be who called this little beauty his own.

"You seem perfectly at home with babies," the girl remarked by way of breaking a more or less awkward silence.

"I have three of my own," Verner told her in a half jesting manner, and wondered afterward why he wanted to convey that impression.

"Oh," was all the girl said, but her tone was noticeably colder, her attitude more aloof.

The girl's frigidly spurred on the man's imagination. He talked glibly of a beautiful wife and children whom he had never seen, of a home he had never known.

"I regret I cannot go on with you and help you when you get off the car," he said by way of leave taking. "I have a business engagement."

"Thank you very much," she replied sweetly, "but baby's father will meet us at the end of the line."

Verner bowed formally and received a cool little nod in response. Nor did he give way to his desire to turn and watch the car as it whizzed off toward the end of the suburban line.

The young woman looked regretfully after him; then she sighed as she gazed down at the sleeping baby and drew him with greater tenderness into her arms.

"He is too good looking even for dreams," she murmured, and whether she referred to the small man in her arms or the big man on the street no one, perhaps not even the girl herself, knew.

Another meeting did not occur until some three months later. It was at a dance given by the suburban yacht club.

Verner entered the ball room with a stately beauty on his arm. Before they had made one turn of the room he knew that the little mother was among the guests and that she was popular with a number of cavaliers.

The stately beauty felt Verner's arms stiffen around her waist and wondered at his sudden lack of interest in her breezy conversation.

She might be a widow, was the thought uppermost in Verner's mind, but the brilliance of her costume and the existence of the tiny infant practically denied this.

Together with his condemnation of married flirt Verner felt irritated and jealous because of the men who dangled over the girl's dance order.

He avoided catching her eye as long as he could, but when she danced so close to him that he saw the mockery in her expression and her nod to him he could only return her greeting. After that Verner found that he was being introduced to her.

"The ninth and seventeenth dances are leap year waltzes, Mr. Verner," she said, looking laughingly into his eyes. "May I please have both of them?"

"You may if I may have two others," he put in quickly.

She blushed swiftly and handed Verner her card.

"Have you a dance left, Miss Gregory?" another moth about the candle questioned the girl.

Verner's startled, interrogative eyes searched the girl's face, and she laughed.

"You are not married—then?" he questioned without regard for the amused listeners.

"Not any more than you are, Mr. Verner." She glanced at him from beneath her lashes. "You know—I didn't believe, even for a moment, that you had three kiddies."

Verner had the grace to blush. "Just the same," he told her laughingly, "you deliberately tried to palm that baby off as yours."

"I did not," she retorted quickly. "You took it entirely for granted. I was merely carrying my brother's baby over to my home and somebody helped me both on and off the car. Of course—" she paused and glanced shyly at Verner—"none of us even dreamed of my having to change cars."

"And yet," he looked deep into her eyes, "it was fortunate—in this case, wasn't it?" He waited with laughter in his eyes but a compelling note in his voice.

Alice Gregory looked up and the dimple came into play.

"Perhaps it was," she said.

Fools and Their Bets.

The story recently printed that a fool, to win a bet, put a billiard ball in his mouth, and it took a surgical operation and the removal of five teeth to get it out, reminds Father Beck of a simpton he once knew whose first name was John. One day John was with some girls who were having fun putting hen's eggs in their mouths, and John declared that he could put a goose egg in his mouth, and the girls dared him to. John was brave and wouldn't take a dare, and by dint of perseverance he got the goose egg in, but when he tried to take it out it wouldn't come, and when he was threatened with lockjaw, the girls got scared and hustled John off to a doctor. The doctor, after diagnosing the case, doubled up his fist and with an under cut belted John one on the chin. John was relieved, but the egg never amounted to much as a goose afterward. We are sorry to relate, says Father Beck, that the experience did not do much good in curing John of the silly habit. He kept on biting off more than he could chew for the remainder of his life.—Kansas City Journal.

Considerate.

Jaggs—I want you to help me pick out an auto.

Loan Shark—Why me?

Jaggs—You'll probably own it in a short time.—Judge.

The Usual Way.

"Why don't you report the bad condition of that fence?"

"What's the use? If they did make an investigation, they would only whitewash it."

Tact.
He—This isn't like the kind of bread mother used to make.
She—(angrily)—Oh, I suppose not.
He—Your bread is so much better, dear.

On the Trail.
"Does your fiance know your age, Lotia?"
"Well—partly." —Ellegonde Blacet.

Mayor Gaynor Friend of The Children

"If Mayor Gaynor lives until the present generation of school children grows up, as he probably will, for at sixty years of age he has all of the virility and activity of the average man of forty-five, he will just naturally carry the vote of New York City around in his vest pocket."

This was the observation of an astute politician who had noted the many evidences of the mayor's great love for children and what grew out of it. The "kiddies" have adopted him as their friend and champion. He first made a hit with them by declining to prevent them from playing in the streets. People who complained that they were annoyed by these pastimes were told that there were not enough parks in New York City to furnish isolated playgrounds and that the children could not be denied their natural rights. To the police force it was broadly hinted that the mayor would not hold it against them if they refused to interfere with the youngsters and their games, except when some real offense was committed, which latter as a matter of fact rarely happened.

Scarcely a week goes by that does not see a committee of school children calling at the city hall to invite the mayor to come and hear them speak their pieces and distribute the prizes. The school officials used to send formal invitations to these affairs, but they found that often they were overlooked. So now they send the pupils. They are received with the same courteous dignity that would be extended the most distinguished citizens, but once inside the mayor's private office informal friendship prevails. There is no more suggestion of patronizing on one hand than of timidity on the other, and it is a mighty important engagement that prevents Mr. Gaynor from accepting one of these invitations.

When the fire commissioner issued an order prohibiting the retail sale of



THE "KIDDIES" HAVE ADOPTED HIM AS THEIR FRIEND AND CHAMPION.

fireworks between June 10 and July 10 the mayor held it up until he was satisfied, through the presentation of statistics, that it was necessary. "I have a strong feeling in favor of the boys having their fireworks on July 4," he wrote the fire commissioner, "for it is a great comfort to them. In fact, I am as fond of fireworks now as I was when I was a boy, and I believe that is the case with nearly every man. Nevertheless, if the damage to life and limb and property from fireworks is so great as to outweigh the pleasure they give, I suppose the order should stand."

MAYOR GAYNOR'S ADVICE TO A CLERK.

A clerk employed by the city of New York recently wrote Mayor Gaynor an earnest letter of protest because he was sometimes kept at work in the office after 4 o'clock. He set forth that he was a civil service employee and that it was a violation of the rules of the commission to detain him after the official closing hour. The mayor sent him the following characteristic reply:

Dear Sir—If I were you I would do everything I was asked to do. That is the way to get on in life. Did you ever hear it said that he who takes care to do no more than he is paid for will never be paid for more than he does? Go right in and do everything from sunrise to sunset and you will go right up all the time. What do you think of that? Very truly yours,
W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

NOTED CAFE CLOSED

New Orleans Health Board Orders Resort to Suspend.

Every Tourist Who Has Visited French Quarter in the Crescent City Will Be Grieved to Learn Restaurant is No More.

New Orleans—Mme. Begue's restaurant—that delightful old place just opposite the French market in New Orleans—has been ordered closed. Not only has it been ordered closed, but the order came from Dr. Oscar Dowling of the state board of health.

And unless Papa Begue obeys the demands of the department, the Crescent City will lose one of its most famous landmarks, known to tourists and epicures throughout the civilized world. Doctor Dowling avers the place has been weighed in the sanitary scales and found wanting.

Until her death, October 29, 1906, Mme. Begue, dark, short, plump and smiling, was the presiding genius of the Begue establishment. Her experience and handicraft created the dishes which remain sacred in the memory of every guest. Since her death Papa Begue has conducted the rendezvous for tourists.

Located in the darkest, dirtiest, noisiest quarter of New Orleans, almost a part of the stir and chaos of the French market, the food bazaar of blarney food became known to tourists as the Begue Exchange. Breakfast at Begue's was an eight or ten course meal which began at 11 o'clock in the morning and continued until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Three hours of cuisinier medleys; three hours whiled by the babel of foreign tongues; three hours of fun, of eating, drinking and smoking.

The meal fascinated and satisfied from its beginning of French bread and wine to the strong coffee and cigars, and not until the time had nearly expired did one wonder that the Begue Exchange served only one meal a day.

Time and prosperity did not enter into the fashion and furnishing of the Begue Exchange.

One of the most interesting features of Begue's was the trio of registers. Many and many a widely known name is written on these



Mme. Begue's Restaurant.

thumb pages. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Marion Crawford, William H. Crane, Joseph Jefferson, De Wolf Hopper—these are only a few taken at random.

In Eugene Field's handwriting is the following:

"I'm very proud to testify the happiest of my days is March 11, '95, at breakfast at Begue's."—Eugene Field. Selma Fetter Royle turns to Scripture and writes:

"O Lord, open thou our mouths and our lips shall show forth our praise."

CURE FOR SLEEPING SICKNESS.

West Coast of Africa May Get Rid of Disease Through Fowls Who Eat Pupa of Fly.

London.—Letters received from the west coast of Africa during the last few days tell of a new hope for the ultimate conquest of sleeping sickness. It is known that one or two of the tsetse flies carry the parasite (trypanosome) either from man to man or from beast to man. The attempt to remove the natives from the fly areas, and thus to protect them from the disease, has not been altogether successful. Any effort to kill down the flies appears hopeless.

Recent work, however, shows that the guinea fowl feeds the pupa of the fly a tasty morsel. Land that has been scratched over by fowls is completely free from the pest. In a few weeks full details of this new hope will be published the world over. If the natives can be persuaded to keep fowls it will not only be a source of profit to themselves, but also a protection against the assaults of the fly. Fowls do not harbor the disease, and although they have maldies of their own they are not such as attack human beings.

City Is Old Name.

Kansas City.—The city of Kansas City, Kan., was once the town of Wyandotte. The natives had a clever way of saving time by writing it "Y&"